

K *122*
EVENINGS AT HOME;

OR,

THE JUVENILE BUDGET

O P E N E D.

CONSISTING OF

A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 72, ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH-YARD.

1792.

[Price ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE.]

28

0 9 5 4 1 2

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

CONTENTS

THE FIRST VOLUME.

<i>Introduction</i>	-	-	-	1
<i>On the Oak</i>	-	-	-	3
<i>The young Mouse</i>	-	-	-	18
<i>The Wasp and Bee</i>	-	-	-	20
<i>Travellers' Wonders</i>	-	-	-	22
<i>Alfred, a Drama</i>	-	-	-	32
<i>Discontented Squirrel</i>	-	-	-	43
<i>Dialogue on different Stations</i>	-	-	-	49
<i>Goldfinch and Linnet</i>	-	-	-	59
<i>On the Pine and Fir</i>	-	-	-	65
<i>The Rookery</i>	-	-	-	76
<i>Dialogue on Things to be learned</i>	-	-	-	84
<i>Mouse, Lapdog, and Monkey</i>	-	-	-	98
<i>Animals and Countries</i>	-	-	-	100

Canute's

	Page.
<i>Canute's Reproof</i>	102
<i>Adventures of a Cat</i>	105
<i>The little Dog</i>	119
<i>The Masque of Nature</i>	124
<i>On the Martin</i>	128
<i>The Ship</i>	134
<i>Things by their right Names</i>	159

81 - - - - - *The young Man*

62 - - - - - *Lately published,*

22 - - - - - *By Mrs. BARBAULD,*

1. LESSONS for CHILDREN, from two to four years of age; four parts, price 6d. each.

2. HYMNS in Prose for Children, 1s.

22 - - - - - *By Dr. AIKEN,*

22 *The CALENDAR of NATURE, 1s.*

2. ENGLAND DELINEATED; or, a Geographical Description of England and Wales, with Maps of all the Counties: 7s. bound.

22 - - - - - *James, Esq., and others,*

22 - - - - - *James, Esq., and others,*

22 - - - - - *James, Esq., and others,*

INTRODUCTION,

INTRODUCTION.

THE mansion-house of the pleasant village of *Beachgrove* was inhabited by the family of FAIRBORNE, consisting of the master and mistress, and a numerous progeny of children of both sexes. Of these, part were educated at home under their parents' care, and part were sent out to school. The house was seldom unprovided with visitors, the intimate friends or relations of the owners, who were entertained with cheerfulness and hospitality, free from ceremony and parade. They formed, during their stay, part of the family; and were ready to concur with Mr. and Mrs. Fairborne in any little domestic plan for varying their amusements, and particularly for promoting the instruction and entertainment of the younger part of

the household. As some of them were accustomed to writing, they would frequently produce a fable, a story, or dialogue, adapted to the age and understanding of the young people. It was always considered as a high favour when they would so employ themselves; and after the pieces were once read over, they were carefully deposited by Mrs. Fairborne in a box, of which she kept the key. None of these were allowed to be taken out again till all the children were assembled in the holidays. It was then made one of the evening amusements of the family to *rummage the budget*, as their phrase was. One of the least children was sent to the box, who putting in its little hand, drew out the paper that came next, and brought it into the parlour. This was then read distinctly by one of the older ones; and after it had undergone sufficient consideration, another little messenger was dispatched for a fresh supply; and so

on, till as much time had been spent in this manner as the parents thought proper. Other children were admitted to these readings; and as the *Budget of Beachgrove Hall* became somewhat celebrated in the neighbourhood, its proprietors were at length urged to lay it open to the public. They were induced to comply, and have presented its contents in the promiscuous order in which they came to hand, which they think will prove more agreeable than a methodical arrangement. Thus, therefore, without further preface, begins the

FIRST EVENING.

ON THE OAK.

A DIALOGUE.

Tutor—George—Harry.

Tut. COME, my boys, let us sit down awhile under yon shady tree. I don't

know how your young legs feel, but mine are almost tired.

Geo. I am not tired, but I am very hot.

Har. And I am hot, and very dry too.

Tut. When you have cooled yourself, you may drink out of that clear brook. In the mean time we will read a little out of a book I have in my pocket.

[They go and sit down at the foot of the tree.]

Har. What an amazing large tree? How wide its branches spread! Pray what tree is it?

Geo. I can tell you that. It is an Oak. Don't you see the acorns?

Tut. Yes, it is an Oak—the noblest tree this country produces:—not only grand and beautiful to the sight, but of the greatest importance from its uses.

Har. I should like to know something about it.

Tut.

Tut. Very well; then instead of reading, we will sit and talk about Oaks. George, you knew the Oak by its acorns—should you have known it if there had been none?

Geo. I don't know—I believe not.

Tut. Observe, then, in the first place, that its bark is very rugged. Then see in what manner it grows. Its great arms run out almost horizontally from its trunk, giving the whole tree a sort of round form, and making it spread far on every side. Its branches are also subject to be crooked, or kneed. By these marks you might guess at an Oak even in winter, when quite bare of leaves. But its leaves afford a surer mark of distinction, since they differ a good deal from those of other trees; being neither whole and even at the edges, not yet cut like the teeth of a saw, but rather deeply scolloped, and formed into several rounded divisions.

Their colour is a fine deep green.
Then the fruit—

Har. Fruit!

Tut. Yes—all kinds of plants have what may properly be called fruit, though we are apt to give that name only to such as are food for man. The fruit of a plant is the seed, with what contains it. This, in the Oak, is called an acorn, which is a kind of nut, partly enclosed in a cup.

Geo. Acorn-cups are very pretty things. I have made boats of them, and set them swimming in a basin.

Tut. And if you were no bigger than a fairy, you might use them for drinking cups, as those imaginary little beings are said to do.

Pearly drops of dew we drink

In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

Har. Are acorns good to eat?

Geo. No, that they are not. I have tried, and did not like them at all.

Tut.

Tut. In the early ages of man, before he cultivated the earth, but lived upon such wild products as nature afforded, we are told that acorns made a considerable part of his food; and at this day I believe they are eaten in some countries. But this is in warmer climates, where they probably become sweeter and better-flavoured than with us. The chief use we make of them is to feed hogs. In those parts of England where Oak woods are common, great herds of swine are kept, which are driven into the woods in autumn, when the acorns fall, and provide for themselves plentifully for two or three months. This, however, is a small part of the praise of the Oak. You will be surprised when I tell you, that to this tree our country owes its chief glory and security.

Har. Aye, how can that be?

Tut. I don't know whether in your reading you have ever met with the story, that Athens, a famous city in

Greece, consulting the oracle how it might best defend itself against its enemies, was advised to trust to wooden walls.

Har. Wooden walls!—that's odd—I should think stone walls better, for wooden ones might be set on fire.

Tut. True; but the meaning was, that as Athens was a place of great trade, and its people were skilled in maritime affairs, they ought to trust to their ships. Well, this is the case with Great Britain. As it is an island, it has no need of walls and fortifications while it possesses ships to keep all enemies at a distance. Now, we have the greatest and finest navy in the world, by which we both defend ourselves, and attack other nations when they insult us; and this is all built of Oak.

Geo. Would no other wood do to build ships?

Tut. None nearly so well, especially for men of war; for it is the stoutest and strongest wood we have; and therefore

fore best fitted, both to keep sound under water, and to bear the blows and shocks of the waves, and the terrible strokes of cannon balls. It is a peculiar excellence for this last purpose, that Oak is not so liable to splinter or shiver as other woods, so that a ball can pass through it without making a large hole. Did you never hear the old song,

Heart of Oak are our ships, hearts of Oak
are our men, &c. &c.

Geo. No.

Tut. It was made at a time when England was more successful in war than had ever before been known, and our success was properly attributed chiefly to our fleet, the great support of which is the British Oak; so I hope you will henceforth look upon Oaks with due respect.

Har. Yes—it shall always be my favourite tree.

Tut. Had not Pope reason, when said, in his *Windsor Forest*,

Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
While by our *Oaks* the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn?

These lines refer to its use as well for merchant ships as for men of war; and in fact all our ships are built either of native or foreign Oak.

Geo. Are the masts of ships made of Oak?

Tut. No—it would be too heavy. Besides, it would not be easy to find trunks of Oak long and straight enough for that purpose. They are made of various kinds of fir or pine, which grow very tall and taper.

Geo. Is Oak wood used for any thing besides ship-building?

Tut. O yes!—It is one of the principal woods of the carpenter, being employed wherever great strength and durability are required. It is used for door and window frames, and the beams that are laid in walls to strengthen them.

Floors

Floors and staircases are sometimes made with it; and in old houses in the country, which were built when Oak was more plentiful than at present, almost all the timber about them is Oak. It is also occasionally used for furniture, as tables, chairs, drawers, and bedsteads; though mahogany has now much taken its place for the better sort of goods, and the lighter and softer woods for the cheaper: for the hardness of Oak renders it difficult and expensive to work. It is still, however, the chief material used in mill-work, in bridge and water-works, for waggon and cart bodies, for large casks and tubs, and for the last piece of furniture a man has occasion for. What is that, do you think, George?

Geo. I don't know.

Har. A coffin.

Tut. So it is.

Har. But why should that be made of such strong wood?

Tut. There can be no other reason, than that weak attachment we are apt to have for our bodies when we have done with them, which has made men in various countries desirous of keeping them as long as possible from decay. But I have not yet done with the uses of the Oak. Were either of you ever in a tanner's yard?

Geo. We often go by one at the end of the town; but we durst not go in for fear of the great dog.

Tut. But he is always chained in the day-time.

Har. Yes—but he barks so loud, and looks so fierce, that we were afraid he would break his chain.

Tut. I doubt you are a couple of cowards. However, I suppose you came near enough to observe great stacks of bark in the yard.

Geo. O yes—there are several.

Tut. Those are Oak bark, and it is used in tanning the hides.

Har.

Har. What does it do to them?

Tut. I'll tell you. Every part of the Oak abounds in a quality called *astringency*, or a binding power. The effect of this is to make more close and compact, or to shrivel up, all soft things, and thereby make them firmer and less liable to decay. The hide, then, when taken from the animal, after being steeped in lime and water to get off the hair and grease, is put to soak in a liquor made by boiling Oak bark in water. This liquor is strongly astringent, and by stiffening the soft hide, turns it into what we call leather. Other things are also tanned for the purpose of preserving them, as fishing nets, and boat sails. This use of the bark of the Oak makes it a very valuable commodity, and you may see people in the woods carefully stripping the Oaks when cut down, and piling up the bark in heaps.

Geo.

Geo. I have seen such heaps of bark, but I thought they were only to burn.

Tut. No,—they are much too valuable for that. Well, but I have another use of the Oak to mention, and that is in dying.

Har. Dying! I wonder what colour it can dye?

Tut. Oak saw-dust is a principal ingredient in dying fustians. By various mixtures and managements it is made to give them all the different shades of drab and brown. Then, all the parts of the Oak, like all other astringent vegetables, produce a dark blue or black by the addition of any preparation of iron. The bark is sometimes used in this way for dying black. And did you ever see what boys call an Oak-apple?

Geo. Yes—I have gathered them myself.

Tut. Do you know what they are?

Geo.

Geo. I thought they were the fruit of the Oak.

Tut. No—I have told you that the acorns are the fruit. These are excrescences formed by an insect.

Geo. An insect—how can they make such a thing?

Tut. It is a sort of fly, that has a power of piecing the outer skin of the Oak boughs, under which it lays its eggs. The part then swells into a kind of ball, and the young insects, when hatched, eat their way out. Well; this ball or apple is a pretty strong astringent, and is sometimes used in dying black. But in the warm countries, there is a species of Oak which bears round excrescences of the same kind, called galls, which become hard, and are the strongest astringents known. They are the principal ingredients in the black dyes, and common ink is made with them, together with a substance

stance called green vitriol or copperas, which contains iron.

I have now told you the chief uses that I can recollect of the Oak ; and these are so important, that whoever drops an acorn into the ground, and takes proper care of it when it comes up, may be said to be a benefactor to his country. Besides, no sight can be more beautiful and majestic than a fine Oak wood. It is an ornament fit for the habitation of the first nobleman in the land.

Har. I wonder, then, that all rich gentlemen who have ground enough, do not cover it with Oaks.

Tut. Many of them, especially of late years, have made great plantations of these trees. But all soils do not suit them ; and then there is another circumstance which prevents many from being at this trouble and expence, which is, the long time an Oak takes in growing, so that no person can reasonably expect

expect to profit by those of his own planting. An Oak of fifty years is greatly short of its full growth, and they are scarcely arrived at perfection under a century. However, it is our duty to think of posterity as well as ourselves; and they who receive Oaks from their ancestors, ought certainly to furnish others to their successors.

Har. Then I think that every one who cuts down an Oak should be obliged to plant another.

Tut. Very right—but he should plant two or three for one, for fear of accidents in their growing.

I will now repeat to you some verses describing the Oak in its state of full growth, or rather of beginning decay, with the various animals living upon it—and then we will walk.

See where yon Oak its awful structure rears,
The massy growth of twice a hundred years;
Survey his rugged trunk with moss o'ergrown,
His lusty arms in rude disorder thrown.

His

His forking branches wide at distance spread,
 And, dark'ning half the sky, his lofty head;
 A mighty castle, built by nature's hands,
 Peopled by various living tribes, he stands.
 His airy top the clamorous rooks invest,
 And crowd the waving boughs with many a nest.
 Midway the nimble squirrel builds his bow'r;
 And sharp-bill'd pies the insect tribes devour,
 That gnaw beneath the bark their secret ways,
 While unperceiv'd the stately pile decays.

THE YOUNG MOUSE.

A FABLE.

A young Mouse lived in a cupboard where sweetmeats were kept: she dined every day upon biscuit, marmalade, or fine sugar. Never any little Mouse had lived so well. She had often ventured to peep at the family while they sat at supper; nay, she had sometimes stole down on the carpet, and picked up the crumbs, and nobody had ever hurt her. She would have been quite happy, but that she was sometimes frightened

ened by the cat, and then she ran trembling to her hole behind the wainscot. One day she came running to her mother in great joy; Mother said she, the good people of this family have built me a house to live in; it is in the cupboard: I am sure it is for me, for it is just big enough: the bottom is of wood, and it is covered all over with wires; and I dare say they have made it on purpose to screen me from that terrible cat, which ran after me so often: there is an entrance just big enough for me, but puss cannot follow; and they have been so good as to put in some toasted cheese, which smells so deliciously, that I should have run in directly and taken possession of my new house, but I thought I would tell you first, that we might go in together, and both lodge there to-night, for it will hold us both.

My dear child, said the old Mouse, it is most happy that you did not go in,
for

for this house is called a trap, and you would never have come out again, except to have been devoured, or put to death in some way or other. Though man has not so fierce a look as a cat, he is as much our enemy, and has still more cunning.

THE WASP AND BEE.

A FABLE.

A Wasp met a Bee, and said to him, Pray, can you tell me what is the reason that men are so illnatured to me, while they are so fond of you? We are both very much alike, only that the broad golden rings about my body make me much handsomer than you are: we are both winged insects, we both love honey, and we both sting people when we are angry; yet men always hate me, and

and try to kill me, though I am much more familiar with them than you are, and pay them visits in their houses, and at their tea-table, and at all their meals: while you are very shy, and hardly ever come near them: yet, they build you curious houses, thatched with straw, and take care of, and feed you, in the winter very often:—I wonder what is the reason.

The Bee said, Because you never do them any good, but, on the contrary, are very troublesome and mischievous; therefore they do not like to see you; but they know that I am busy all day long in making them honey. You had better pay them fewer visits, and try to be useful.

TRAVELLERS'

TRAVELLERS' WONDERS.

ONE winter's evening, as *Captain Compass* was sitting by the fire-side with his children all round him, little Jack said to him, Papa, pray tell us some stories about what you have seen in your voyages. I have been vastly entertained whilst you were abroad, with *Gulliver's Travels*, and the adventures of *Sinbad the Sailor*; and I think, as you have gone round and round the world, you must have met with things as wonderful as they did.—No, my dear, said the Captain, I never met with *Lilliputians* or *Brobdingnagians*, I assure you, nor ever saw the black loadstone mountain, or the valley of diamonds; but, to be sure, I have seen a great variety of people, and their different manners and ways of living; and if it will be any entertainment to you, I will tell you
some

some curious particulars of what I observed. — Pray do, Papa, cried Jack and all his brothers and sisters; so they drew close round him, and he began as follows.

Well then—I was once, about this time of the year, in a country where it was very cold, and the poor inhabitants had much ado to keep themselves from starving. They were clad partly in the skins of beasts made soft and smooth by a particular art, but chiefly in garments made from the outer covering of a middle-sized quadruped, which they were so cruel as to strip off his back while he was alive. They dwelt in habitations, part of which was sunk underground. The materials were either stones, or earth hardened by fire; and so violent in that country were the storms of wind and rain, that many of them covered their roofs all over with stones. The walls of their houses had holes to let in the light; but to prevent the

the cold air and wet from coming in, they were covered with a sort of transparent stone, made artificially of melted sand or flints. As wood was rather scarce, I know not what they would have done for firing, had they not discovered in the bowels of the earth a very extraordinary kind of stone, which when put among burning wood, caught fire and flamed like a torch.

Dear me, said Jack, what a wonderful stone! I suppose it was somewhat like what we call fire-stones, that shine so when we rub them together.—I don't think they would burn, replied the Captain; besides, these are of a darker colour.

Well—but their diet too was remarkable. Some of them eat fish that had been hung up in the smoke till they were quite dry and hard; and along with it they eat either the roots of plants, or a sort of coarse black cake made of powdered feeds. These were the poorer class:

class: the richer had a whiter kind of cake, which they were fond of daubing over with a greasy matter that was the product of a large animal among them. This grease they used, too, in almost all their dishes, and when fresh, it really was not unpalatable. They likewise devoured the flesh of many birds and beasts when they could get it; and eat the leaves and other parts of a variety of vegetables growing in the country, some absolutely raw, others variously prepared by the aid of fire. Another great article of food was the curd or milk, pressed into a hard mass and salted. This had so rank a smell, that persons of weak stomachs often could not bear to come near it. For drink, they made great use of the water in which certain dry leaves had been steeped. These leaves, I was told, came from a great distance. They had likewise a method of preparing a liquor of the seeds of a grass-like plant steeped in

VOL. I. C water,

water, with the addition of a bitter herb, and then set to work or ferment. I was prevailed upon to taste it, and thought it at first nauseous enough, but in time I liked it pretty well. When a large quantity of the ingredients is used, it becomes perfectly intoxicating. But what astonished me most, was their use of a liquor so excessively hot and pungent, that it seems like liquid fire. I once got a mouthful of it by mistake, taking it for water, which it resembles in appearance; but I thought it would instantly have taken away my breath. Indeed, people are not unfrequently killed by it; and yet many of them will swallow it greedily whenever they can get it. This, too, is said to be prepared from the seeds above-mentioned, which are innocent and even salutary in their natural state, though made to yield such a pernicious juice. The strangest custom that I believe prevails in any nation I found here, which was, that some
take

take a mighty pleasure in filling their mouths full of stinking smoke; and others, in thrusting a nasty powder up their nostrils.

I should think it would choke them, said Jack. It almost did me, answered his father, only to stand by while they did it—but use, it is truly said, is second nature.

I was glad enough to leave this cold climate; and about half a year after, I fell in with a people enjoying a delicious temperature of air, and a country full of beauty and verdure. The trees and shrubs were furnished with a great variety of fruits, which, with other vegetable products, constituted a large part of the food of the inhabitants. I particularly relished certain berries growing in bunches, some white and some red, of a very pleasant sourish taste, and so transparent, that one might see the seeds at their very centre. Here were whole fields full of extremely odorifer-

ous flowers, which they told me were succeeded by pods bearing seeds, that afforded good nourishment to man and beast. A great variety of birds enlivened the groves and woods; among which I was entertained with one, that without any teaching spoke almost as articulately as a parrot, though indeed it was all the repetition of a single word. The people were tolerably gentle and civilized, and possessed many of the arts of life. Their dress was very various. Many were clad only in a thin cloth made of the long fibres of the stalk of a plant cultivated for the purpose, which they prepared by soaking in water, and then beating with large mallets. Others wore cloth wove from a sort of vegetable wool, growing in pods upon bushes. But the most singular material was a fine glossy stuff, used chiefly by the richer classes, which, as I was credibly informed, is manufactured out of the webs of caterpillars—a most wonderful circumstance,

cumstance, if we consider the immense number of caterpillars necessary to the production of so large a quantity of the stuff as I saw used. This people are very fantastic in their dress, especially the women, whose apparel consists of a great number of articles impossible to be described, and strangely disguising the natural form of the body. In some instances they seem very cleanly; but in others, the Hottentots can scarce go beyond them; particularly in the management of their hair, which is all matted and stiffened with the fat of swine and other animals, mixed up with powders of various colours and ingredients. Like most Indian nations, they use feathers in the head-dress. One thing surprised me much, which was, that they bring up in their houses an animal of the tyger kind, with formidable teeth and claws, which, notwithstanding its natural ferocity, is played with

with and careffed by the moſt timid and delicate of their women.

I am ſure I would not play with it, ſaid Jack. Why you might chance to get an ugly ſcratch if you did, ſaid the Captain.

The language of this nation ſeems very harſh and unintelligible to a foreigner, yet they converſe among one another with great eaſe and quickneſs. One of the oddeſt cuſtoms is that which men uſe on ſaluting each other. Let the weather be what it will, they uncover their heads, and remain uncovered for ſome time, if they mean to be extraordinarily reſpectful.

Why that's like pulling off our hats, ſaid Jack. Ah, ha! Papa, cried Betty, I have found you out. You have been telling us of our own country and what is done at home all this while. But, ſaid Jack, we don't burn ſtones, nor eat greaſe and powdered feeds, nor wear

wear skins and caterpillars' webs, nor play with tygers. No? said the Captain—pray what are coals but stones; and is not butter, grease; and corn, seeds; and leather, skins; and silk the web of a kind of caterpillar; and may we not as well call a cat an animal of the tyger-kind, as a tyger an animal of the cat-kind? So, if you recollect what I have been describing, you will find, with Betsey's help, that all the other wonderful things I have told you of are matters familiar among ourselves. But I meant to show you, that a foreigner might easily represent every thing as equally strange and wonderful among us, as we could do with respect to his country; and also to make you sensible that we daily call a great many things by their names, without ever enquiring into their nature and properties; so that, in reality, it is only the names, and not the things themselves, with which we are acquainted.

SECOND EVENING.

A L F R E D,

A DRAMA.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ALFRED, King of England.

GUBBA, a Farmer.

GANDELIN, his Wife.

ELLA, an Officer of Alfred.

Scene—*The Isle of Athelney.*

Alfred. How retired and quiet is every thing in this little spot! The river winds its silent waters round this retreat; and the tangled bushes of the thicket fence it in from the attack of an enemy. The bloody Danes have not yet pierced into this wild solitude. I believe I am safe from their pursuit. But I hope I shall find some inhabitants here, otherwise I shall die of hunger.— Ha! here is a narrow path through the wood; and I think I see the smoke of a cottage rising between the trees. I will bend my steps thither.

Scene

Scene—*Before the cottage.*

GUBBA *coming forward.* GANDELIN
within.

Alfred. Good even to you, good man. Are you disposed to shew hospitality to a poor traveller?

Gubba. Why truly there are so many poor travellers now a days, that if we entertain them all, we shall have nothing left for ourselves. However, come along to my wife, and we will see what can be done for you.

Wife, I am very weary; I have been chopping wood all day.

Gandelin. You are always ready for your supper, but it is not ready for you, I assure you: the cakes will take an hour to bake, and the sun is yet high; it has not yet dipped behind the old barn. But who have you with you, I trow?

Alfred. Good mother, I am a stranger; and entreat you to afford me food and shelter.

C 5

Gandelin.

Gandelin. Good mother, quotha! Good wife, if you please, and welcome. But I do not love strangers; and the land has no reason to love them. It has never been a merry day for Old England since strangers came into it.

Alfred. I am not a stranger in England, though I am a stranger here. I am a true born Englishman.

Gubba. And do you hate those wicked Danes, that eat us up, and burn our houses, and drive away our cattle?

Alfred. I do hate them.

Gandelin. Heartily! He does not speak heartily, husband.

Alfred. Heartily I hate them; most heartily.

Gubba. Give me thy hand then, thou art an honest fellow.

Alfred. I was with King Alfred in the last battle he fought.

Gandelin. With King Alfred? heaven bless him!

Gubba. What is become of our good King?

Alfred.

Alfred. Did you love him, then?

Gubba. Yes, as much as a poor man may love a king; and kneeled down and prayed for him every night, that he might conquer those Danish wolves; but it was not to be so.

Alfred. You could not love Alfred better than I did.

Gubba. But what is become of him?

Alfred. He is thought to be dead.

Gubba. Well, these are sad times; heaven help us! Come, you shall be welcome to share the brown loaf with us; I suppose you are too sharp set to be nice.

Gandellin. Ay, come with us; you shall be as welcome as a prince! But hark ye, husband; though I am very willing to be charitable to this stranger (it would be a sin to be otherwise), yet there is no reason he should not do something to maintain himself: he looks strong and capable.

Gubba. Why, that's true. What can you do, friend?

Alfred. I am very willing to help you in any thing you choose to set me about. It will please me best to earn my bread before I eat it.

Gubba. Let me see. Can you tie up faggots neatly?

Alfred. I have not been used to it. I am afraid I should be awkward.

Gubba. Can you thatch? There is a piece blown off the cow-house.

Alfred. Alas, I cannot thatch.

Gandelin. Ask him if he can weave rushes: we want some new baskets.

Alfred. I have never learned.

Gubba. Can you stack hay?

Alfred. No.

Gubba. Why, here's a fellow! and yet he hath as many pair of hands as his neighbours. Dame, can you employ him in the house? He might lay wood on the fire, and rub the tables.

Gandelin.

Gandelin. Let him watch these cakes, then: I must go and milk the kine.

Gubba. And I'll go and stack the wood, since supper is not ready.

Gandelin. But pray observe, friend! do not let the cakes burn; turn them often on the hearth.

Alfred. I shall observe your directions.

ALFRED *alone.*

Alfred. For myself, I could bear it; but England, my bleeding country, for thee my heart is wrung with bitter anguish!—From the Humber to the Thames the rivers are stained with blood!—My brave soldiers cut to pieces!—My poor people—some massacred, others driven from their warm homes, stripped, abused, insulted:—and I, whom heaven appointed their shepherd, unable to rescue my defenceless flock from the ravenous jaws of these devourers!—Gracious heaven! if I am
not

not worthy to save this land from the Danish sword, raise up some other hero to fight with more success than I have done, and let me spend my life in this obscure cottage, in these servile offices: I shall be content, if England is happy.

O! here comes my blunt host and hostess.

Enter GUBBA and GANDELIN.

Gandelin. Help me down with the pail, husband. This new milk, with the cakes, will make an excellent supper: but, mercy on us, how they are burnt! black as my shoe; they have not once been turned: you oaf, you lubber, you lazy loon.—

Alfred. Indeed, dame, I am sorry for it; but my mind was full of sad thoughts.

Gubba. Come, wife, you must forgive him; perhaps he is in love. I remember when I was in love with thee—

Gandelin. You remember!

Gubba. Yes, dame, I do remember

ber it, though it is many a long year
since ; my mother was making a kettle
of turnety —

Gandelin. Pr'ythee, hold thy tongue,
and let us eat our suppers.

Alfred. How refreshing is this sweet
new milk, and this wholesome bread !

Gubba. Eat heartily, friend. Where
shall we lodge him, Gandelin ?

Gandelin. We have but one bed,
you know ; but there is fresh straw in
the barn.

Alfred (aside). If I shall not lodge
like a king, at least I shall lodge like
a soldier. Alas ! how many of my
poor soldiers are stretched on the bare
ground !

Gandelin. What noise do I hear ? It
is the trampling of horses. Good hus-
band, go and see what is the matter.

Alfred. Heaven forbid my misfor-
tunes should bring destruction on this
simple family ! I had rather have pe-
rished in the wood.

GUBBA

not worthy to save this land from the Danish sword, raise up some other hero to fight with more success than I have done, and let me spend my life in this obscure cottage, in these servile offices: I shall be content, if England is happy.

O! here comes my blunt host and hostess.

Enter GUBBA and GANDELIN.

Gandelin. Help me down with the pail, husband. This new milk, with the cakes, will make an excellent supper: but, mercy on us, how they are burnt! black as my shoe; they have not once been turned: you oaf, you lubber, you lazy loon——

Alfred. Indeed, dame, I am sorry for it; but my mind was full of sad thoughts.

Gubba. Come, wife, you must forgive him; perhaps he is in love. I remember when I was in love with thee——

Gandelin. You remember!

Gubba. Yes, dame, I do remember

ber it, though it is many a long year since; my mother was making a kettle of furnery—

Gandelin. Prythee, hold thy tongue, and let us eat our suppers.

Alfred. How refreshing is this sweet new milk, and this wholesome bread!

Gubba. Eat heartily, friend. Where shall we lodge him, Gandelin?

Gandelin. We have but one bed, you know; but there is fresh straw in the barn—

Alfred (aside). If I shall not lodge like a king, at least I shall lodge like a soldier. Alas! how many of my poor soldiers are stretched on the bare ground!

Gandelin. What noise do I hear? It is the trampling of horses. Good husband, go and see what is the matter.

Alfred. Heaven forbid my misfortunes should bring destruction on this simple family! I had rather have perished in the wood.

GUBBA

GUBBA returns, followed by ELLA with
his sword drawn.

Gandelin. Mercy defend us, a sword!

Gubba. The Danes! the Danes! O
do not kill us!

Ella (*kneeling*). My Liege, my Lord,
my Sovereign; have I found you!

Alfred (*embracing him*). My brave Ella!

Ella. I bring you good news, my
Sovereign! Your troops that were shut
up in Kinwith Castle made a desperate
sally—the Danes were slaughtered. The
fierce Hubba lies gasping on the plain.

Alfred. Is it possible! Am I yet a king?

Ella. Their famous standard, the
Danish raven, is taken; their troops are
panic struck; the English soldiers call
aloud for Alfred. Here is a letter which
will inform you of more particulars.
(*Gives a letter.*)

Gubba (*aside*). What will become of
us! Ah, dame, that tongue of thine
has undone us!

Gandelin. O, my poor dear husband!

we

we shall all be hanged, that's certain.
But who could have thought it was the
King?

Gubba. Why, Gandelin, do you see,
we might have guessed he was born to
be a King, or some such great man,
because, you know, he was fit for no-
thing else.

Alfred (coming forward). God be prais-
ed for these tidings! Hope is sprung up
out of the depths of despair. O, my
friend! shall I again shine in arms,—again
fight at the head of my brave English-
men,—lead them on to victory! Our
friends shall now lift their heads again.

Ella. Yes, you have many friends,
who have long been obliged, like their
master, to sculk in deserts and caves,
and wander from cottage to cottage.
When they hear you are alive, and in
arms again, they will leave their fast-
nesses, and flock to your standard.

Alfred. I am impatient to meet them:
my people shall be revenged.

Gubba

Gabba and Gandelin (throwing themselves at the feet of ALFRED). O, my lord——

Gandelin. We hope your majesty will put us to a merciful death. Indeed, we did not know your majesty's grace.

Gabba. If your majesty could but pardon my wife's tongue: she means no harm, poor woman!

Alfred. Pardon you, good people! I not only pardon, but thank you. You have afforded me protection in my distress; and if ever I am seated again on the throne of England, my first care shall be to reward your hospitality. I am now going to protect you. Come, my faithful Ella, to arms! to arms! My bosom burns to face once more the haughty Dane; and here I vow to heaven, that I will never sheath the sword against these robbers, till either I lose my life in this just cause, or
Till dove-like Peace return to England's shore,
And war and slaughter vex the land no more.

DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL

In a pleasant wood, on the western side of a ridge of mountains, there lived a *Squirrel*, who had passed two or three years of his life very happily. At length he began to grow discontented, and one day fell into the following soliloquy.

What, must I spend all my time in this spot, running up and down the same trees, gathering nuts and acorns, and dozing away months together in a hole! I see a great many of the birds who inhabit this wood ramble about to a distance wherever their fancy leads them, and at the approach of winter, set out for some remote country, where they enjoy summer weather all the year round. My neighbour Cuckow tells me he is just going; and even little Nightingale will soon follow. To be sure I have

not

not wings like them, but I have legs nimble enough; and if one does not use them, one might as well be a mole or a dormouse. I dare say I could easily reach to that blue ridge which I see from the tops of the trees; which no doubt must be a fine place, for the sun comes directly from it every morning; and it often appears all covered with red and yellow, and the finest colours imaginable. There can be no harm, at least, in trying, for I can soon get back again if I don't like it. I am resolved to go, and I will set out to-morrow morning.

When Squirrel had taken this resolution, he could not sleep all night for thinking of it; and at peep of day, prudently taking with him as much provision as he could conveniently carry, he began his journey in high spirits. He presently got to the outside of the wood, and entered upon the open moors that reached to the foot of the hills. These he
crossed

crossed before the sun was gotten high; and then, having eaten his breakfast with an excellent appetite, he began to ascend. It was heavy, toilsome work scrambling up the steep sides of the mountains; but Squirrel was used to climbing; so for a while he proceeded expeditiously. Often, however, was he obliged to stop and take breath; so that it was a good deal past noon before he had arrived at the summit of the first cliff. Here he sat down to eat his dinner; and looking back, was wonderfully pleased with the fine prospect. The wood in which he lived lay far beneath his feet; and he viewed with scorn the humble habitation in which he had been born and bred.

When he looked forwards, however, he was somewhat discouraged to observe that another eminence rose above him, full as distant as that to which he had already reached; and he now began to feel stiff and fatigued. However, after
a little

a little rest, he set out again, though not so briskly as before. The ground was rugged, brown, and bare; and to his great surprise, instead of finding it warmer as he got nearer the sun, he felt it grow colder and colder. He had not travelled two hours before his strength and spirits were almost spent; and he seriously thought of giving up the point, and returning before night should come on. While he was thus deliberating with himself, clouds began to gather round the mountain, and to take away all view of distant objects. Presently a storm of mingled snow and hail came down, driven by a violent wind, which pelted poor Squirrel most pitifully, and made him quite unable to move forwards or backwards. Besides, he had completely lost his road, and did not know which way to turn towards that despised home, which it was now his only desire again to reach. The storm lasted till the approach of night;

and it was as much as he could do, benumbed and weary as he was, to crawl to the hollow of a rock at some distance, which was the best lodging he could find for the night. His provisions were spent; so that, hungry and shivering, he crept into the furthest corner of the cavern, and rolling himself up, with his bushy tail over his back, he got a little sleep, though disturbed by the cold, and the shrill whistling of the wind among the stones.

The morning broke over the distant tops of the mountains, when Squirrel, half frozen and famished, came out of his lodging, and advanced, as well as he could, towards the brow of the hill, that he might discover which way to take. As he was slowly creeping along, a hungry kite, soaring in the air above, descried him, and making a stoop, carried him off in her talons. Poor Squirrel, losing his senses with the fright, was borne away with vast rapidity,

pidity, and seemed inevitably doomed to become food for the kite's young ones: when an eagle, who had seen the kite seize her prey, pursued her in order to take it from her; and overtaking her, gave her such a buffet, as caused her to drop the Squirrel in order to defend herself. The poor animal kept falling through the air a long time, till at last he alighted in the midst of a thick tree, the leaves and tender boughs of which so broke his fall, that, though stunned and breathless, he escaped without material injury, and after lying a-while, came to himself again. But what was his pleasure and surprise, to find himself in the very tree which contained his nest. Ah! said he, my dear native place and peaceful home! if ever I am again tempted to leave you, may I undergo a second time all the miseries and dangers from which I am now so wonderfully escaped.

A DIALOGUE

A DIALOGUE

ON DIFFERENT STATIONS IN LIFE.

LITTLE Sally Meanwell had one day been to pay an afternoon's visit to Miss Harriet, the daughter of Sir Thomas Pemberton. The evening proving rainy, she was sent home in Sir Thomas's coach; and on her return, the following conversation passed between her and her mother.

Mrs. Meanwell. Well, my dear, I hope you have had a pleasant visit.

Sally. O yes, mamma, very pleasant; you cannot think what a great many fine things I have seen. And then it is so charming to ride in a coach!

Mrs. M. I suppose Miss Harriet shewed you all her playthings.

Sally. O yes, such fine large dolls, so smartly dressed, as I never saw in my life before. Then she has a baby-house

and all sorts of furniture in it; and a grotto all made of shells, and shining stones. And then she shewed me all her fine clothes for the next ball; there's a white slip all full of spangles, and pink ribbons; you can't think how beautiful it looks.

Mrs. M. And what did you admire most of all these fine things?

Sally. I don't know—I admired them all; and I think I liked riding in the coach better than all the rest. Why don't we keep a coach, mamma? and why have not I such fine clothes and playthings as Miss Harriet?

Mrs. M. Because we cannot afford it, my dear. Your papa is not so rich, by a great deal, as Sir Thomas; and if we were to lay out our money upon such things, we should not be able to procure food and raiment and other necessities for you all.

Sally. But why is not papa as rich as Sir Thomas?

Mrs.

Mrs. M. Sir Thomas had a large estate left him by his father; but your papa has little but what he gains by his own industry.

Sally. But why should not papa be as rich as any body else? I am sure he deserves it as well.

Mrs. M. Do you not think that there are a great many people poorer than he, that are also very deserving?

Sally. Are there?

Mrs. M. Yes, to be sure. Don't you know what a number of poor people there are all around us, who have very few of the comforts we enjoy? What do you think of Plowman the labourer? I believe you never saw him idle in your life.

Sally. No; he is gone to work long before I am up, and he does not return till almost bed-time, unless it be for his dinner.

Mrs. M. Well; how do you think his wife and children live? Should you

like that we should change places with them?

Sally. O no! they are so dirty and ragged.

Mrs. M. They are indeed, poor creatures! but I am afraid they suffer worse evils than that.

Sally. What, mamma?

Mrs. M. Why I am afraid they often do not get as much victuals as they could eat. And then in winter they must be half starved for want of fire and warm clothing. How do you think you could bear all this?

Sally. Indeed I don't know. But I have seen Plowman's wife carry great brown loaves into the house; and I remember once eating some brown bread and milk, and I thought it very good.

Mrs. M. I believe you would not much like it constantly: besides, they can hardly get enough of that. But you seem to know almost as little of the poor as the young French princess did.

Sally.

Sally. What was that, mamma?

Mrs. M. Why there had been one year so bad a harvest in France, that numbers of the poor were famished to death. This calamity was so much talked of, that it reached the court, and was mentioned before the young princesses. Dear me! said one of them, how *silly* that was! Why, rather than be famished, I would eat bread and cheese. Her governess was then obliged to acquaint her, that the greatest part of her father's subjects scarcely ever eat any thing better than black bread all their lives; and that vast numbers would now think themselves very happy to get only half their usual pittance of that. Such wretchedness as this was what the princess had not the least idea of; and the account shocked her so much, that she was glad to sacrifice all her finery to afford some relief to the sufferings of the poor.

Sally. But I hope there is nobody famished in our country.

Mrs. M. I hope not, for we have laws by which every person is entitled to relief from the parish, if he is unable to gain a subsistence; and were there no laws about it, I am sure it would be our duty to part with every superfluity, rather than let a fellow creature perish for want of necessities.

Sally. Then do you think it was wrong for Miss Pemberton to have all those fine things?

Mrs. M. No, my dear, if they are suitable to her fortune, and do not consume the money which ought to be employed in more useful things for herself and others.

Sally. But why might not she be contented with such things as I have; and give the money that the rest cost to the poor?

Mrs. M. Because she can afford both
to

to be charitable to the poor, and also to indulge herself in these pleasures. But do you recollect, that the children of Mr. White the baker, and Mr. Shape the taylor, might ask just the same questions about you?

Sally. How so?

Mrs. M. Are not you as much better dressed, and as much more plentifully supplied with playthings than they are, as Miss Pemberton is than you?

Sally. Why, I believe I may; for I remember Polly White was very glad of one of my old dolls; and Nancy Shape cried for such a fash as mine; but her mother would not let her have one.

Mrs. M. Then you see, my dear, that there are many who have fewer things to be thankful for than *you* have; and you may also learn what ought to be the true measure of the expectations of children, and the indulgencies of parents.

Sally. I don't quite understand you, mamma.

Mrs. M. Every thing ought to be suited to the station in which we live, or are likely to live, and the wants and duties of it. Your papa and I do not grudge laying out part of our money to promote the innocent pleasure of our children; but it would be very wrong in us to lay out so much on this account, as would oblige us to spare in more necessary articles, as in their education, and the common household expences required in our way of living. Besides, it would be so far from making you happier, that it would be doing you the greatest injury.

Sally. How could that be, mamma?

Mrs. M. If you were now to be dressed like Miss Pemberton, don't you think you should be greatly mortified at being worse dressed when you came to be a young woman?

Sally. I believe I should, mamma;
for

for then perhaps I might go to assemblies; and to be sure I should like to be as smart then as at any time.

Mrs. M. Well, but it would be still more improper for us to dress you then beyond our circumstances, because your necessary clothes will then cost more, you know. Then if we were now to hire a coach or chair for you to go a visiting in, should you like to leave it off ever afterwards? But you have no reason to expect that you will be able to have those indulgencies when you are a woman. And so it is in every thing else. The more fine things, and the more gratifications you have now, the more you will require hereafter; for custom makes things so familiar to us, that while we enjoy them less, we want them more.

Sally. How is that, mamma?

Mrs. M. Why, don't you think you have enjoyed your ride in the coach this

evening more than Miss Harriet would have done?

Sally. I suppose I have; because if Miss Harriet liked it so well, she would be always riding, for I know she might have the coach whenever she pleased.

Mrs. M. But if you were both told that you were never to ride in a coach again, which would think it the greater hardship? You could walk, you know, as you have always done before; but she would rather stay at home, I believe, than expose herself to the cold wind, and trudge through the wet and dirt in pattens.

Sally. I believe so too; and now, mamma, I see that all you have told me is very right.

Mrs. M. Well, my dear, let it dwell upon your mind, so as to make you cheerful and contented in your station, which you see is so much happier than that of many and many other children.

children. So now we will talk no more
on this subject.

THE
GOLDFINCH AND LINNET.

A GAUDY *Goldfinch*, pert and gay,
Hopping blithe from spray to spray,
Full of frolic, full of spring,
With head well plum'd and burnish'd wing,
Spied a sober *Linnet* hen,
Sitting all alone,
And bow'd, and chirp'd, and bow'd again;
And with familiar tone,
He thus the dame address'd,
As to her side he closely prest.

“ I hope, my dear, I don't intrude,
By breaking on your solitude;
But it has always been my passion
To forward pleasant conversation;
And I should be a stupid bird
To pass the fair without a word;
I, who have been for ever noted
To be the sex's most devoted.

Besides, a damsel unattended,
Left unnoticed and unfriended,
Appears (excuse me) so forlorn,
That I can scarce suppose,
By any she that e'er was born,
'Twould be the thing she chose.
How happy, then, I'm now at leisure
To wait upon a lady's pleasure;
And all this morn have nought to do
But pay my duty, love, to you.

What, silent!—Ah, those looks demure,
And eyes of languor, make me sure
That in my random idle chatter
I quite mistook the matter!
It is not spleen or contemplation
That draws you to the cover;
But 'tis some tender assignation:
Well!—who's the favour'd lover?
I met hard by, in quaker suit,
A youth sedately grave and mute;
And from the maxim, like to like,
Perhaps the *sober youth* might strike.
Yes, yes, 'tis he, I'll lay my life,
Who hopes to get you for a wife.

But come, my dear, I know you're wise,
Compare and judge, and use your eyes.

No.

No female yet could e'er behold
 The lustre of my red and gold,
 My ivory bill and jetty crest,
 But all was done, and I was blest.
 Come, brighten up, and act with spirit,
 And take the fortune that you merit."

He ceas'd—*Linnetta* thus replied,
 With cool contempt and decent pride:

" 'Tis pity, Sir, a youth so sweet,
 In form and manners so complete,
 Should do an humble maid the honour
 To waste his precious time upon her.
 A poor forsaken she, you know,
 Can do no credit to a beau;
 And worse would be the case,
 If meeting one whose faith was plighted,
 He should incur the said disgrace
 Of being slighted."

Now, Sir, the *sober-suited youth*,
 Whom you were pleas'd to mention,
 To those small merits, sense and truth,
 And generous love, has some pretension.
 And then, to give him all his due,
 He sings, Sir, full as well as you,
 And sometimes can be silent too.

In

In short, my taste is so perverse,
 And such my wayward fate,
 That it would be my greatest curse,
 To have a *coxcomb* to my mate?

This said, away she scuds,
 And leaves *beau Goldfinch* in the luds.

THIRD EVENING.

ON THE PINE AND FIR TRIBE.

A DIALOGUE.

Tutor—George—Harry.

Tut. LET us sit down a while on this bench, and look about us. What a charming prospect!

Har. I admire those pleasure grounds. What beautiful clumps of trees there are in that lawn!

Geo. But what a dark gloomy wood that is at the back of the house!

Tut. It is a fir-plantation; and those trees always look dismal in the summer, when there are so many finer greens to compare them with. But the winter is their time for show, when other trees are stripped of their verdure.

Geo.

Geo. Then they are evergreens?

Tut. Yes; most of the fir-tribe are evergreens; and as they are generally natives of cold mountainous countries, they contribute greatly to cheer the wintry landscape.

Geo. You were so good, when we walked out last, to tell us a good deal about Oaks. I thought it one of the prettiest lessons I ever heard. I should be very glad if you would give us such another about Firs.

Har. So should I too, I am sure.

Tut. With all my heart; and I am pleased that you ask me. Nothing is so great an encouragement to a tutor as to find his pupils of their own accord seeking after useful knowledge.

Geo. And I think it is very useful to know such things as these.

Tut. Certainly it is. Well then—You may know the Pine or Fir-tribe in general at first sight, as most of them are of a bluish-green colour, and all have

have leaves consisting of a strong narrow pointed blade, which gives them somewhat of a stiff appearance. Then all of them bear a hard scaly fruit, of a longish or conical form.

Har. Are they what we call Fir-apples?

Tut. Yes; that is one of the names boys give them.

Har. We often pick them up under trees, and throw them at one another.

Geo. I have sometimes brought home my pocket full to burn. They make a fine clear flame.

Tut. Well—do you know where the seeds lie in them?

Geo. No—have they any?

Tut. Yes—at the bottom of every scale lie two winged seeds; but when the scales open, the seeds fall out; so that you can seldom find any in those you pick up.

Har. Are the seeds good for any thing?

Tut.

Tut. There is a kind of Pine in the south of Europe called the *Stone Pine*, the kernels of which are eaten, and said to be as sweet as an almond. And birds pick out the seeds of other sorts, though they are so well defended by the woody scales.

Har. They must have good strong bills, then.

Tut. Of this tribe of trees a variety of species are found in different countries, and are cultivated in this. But the only kind native here, is the *Wild Pine*, or *Scotch Fir*. Of this there are large natural forests in the highlands of Scotland; and the principal plantations consist of it. It is a hardy sort, fit for barren and mountainous soils, but grows slowly.

Geo. Pray what are those very tall trees that grow in two rows before the old hall in our village?

Tut. They are the *Common* or *Spruce Fir*, a native of Norway and other northern

northern countries, and one of the loftiest of the tribe. But observe those trees that grow singly in the grounds opposite to us, with wide-spread branches, pointing downwards, and trailing on the ground, thence gradually lessening, till the top of the tree ends almost in a point.

Har. What beautiful trees!

Tut. They are the Pines called *Larches*, natives of the Alps and Apennines, and now frequently planted to decorate our gardens. These are not properly evergreens, as they shed their leaves in winter, but quickly recover them again. Then we have besides, the *Weymouth Pine*, which is the tallest species in America—the *Silver Fir*, so called from the silvery hue of its foliage—the *Pinaster*—and a tree of ancient fame, the *Cedar of Lebanon*.

Geo. I suppose that is a very great tree.

Tut. It grows to a large size, but

but is very slow in coming to its full growth.

Geo. Are Pines and Firs very useful trees?

Tut. Perhaps the most so of any. By much the greatest part of the wood used among us comes from them.

Har. What—more than from the Oak?

Tut. Yes, much more. Almost all the timber used in building houses, for floors, beams, rafters, and roofs, is Fir.

Geo. Does it all grow in this country?

Tut. Scarcely any of it. Norway, Sweden, and Russia, are the countries from which we draw our timber, and a vast trade there is in it. You have seen timber yards?

Geo. Oh yes—several.

Tut. In them you would observe some very long thick beams, called *balks*. Those are whole trees, only stripped of the bark and squared. You would

would also see great piles of planks and boards, of different lengths and thickness. Those are called *deal*, and are brought over ready sawn from the countries where they grow. They are of different colours. The white are chiefly from the Fir-tree; the yellow and red from the Pine.

Har. I suppose there must be great forests of them in those countries, or else they could not send us so much.

Tut. Yes. The mountains of Norway are overrun with them, enough for the supply of all Europe; but on account of their ruggedness and want of roads, it is found impossible to get the trees when felled down to the sea-coast, unless they grow near some river.

Geo. How do they manage them?

Tut. They take the opportunity when the rivers are swelled with rains or melted snow, and tumble the trees into them, when they are carried down to the mouths

mouths of the rivers, where they are stopped by a kind of pens.

Har. I should like to see them swimming down the stream.

Tut. Yes — it would be curious enough; for in some places these torrents roll over rocks, making steep water falls, down which the trees are carried headlong, and often do not rise again till they are got to a considerable distance; and many of them are broken and torn to pieces in the passage.

Geo. Are these woods used for any thing besides building?

Tut. For a variety of purposes; such as boxes, trunks, packing-cases, pales, wainscots, and the like. Deal is a very soft wood, easily worked, light and cheap, which makes it preferred for so many uses, though it is not very durable, and is very liable to split.

Har. Yes—I know my box is made of

of deal, and the lid is split all to pieces with driving nails into it.

Geo. Are ships ever built with Fir?

Tut. It was one of the first woods made use of for naval purposes; and in the poets you will find the words *Pine* and *Fir* frequently employed to signify *ship*. But as navigation has improved, the stronger and more durable woods have generally taken its place. However, in the countries where Fir is very plentiful, large ships are still built with it; for though they last but a short time, they cost so little in proportion, that the profit of a few voyages is sufficient. Then, from the great lightness of the wood, they swim higher in the water, and consequently will bear more loading. Most of the large ships that bring timber from Archangel in Russia are built of Fir. As for the masts of ships, those I have already told you are all made of Fir or Pine, on account of their straightness and lightness.

Geo.

Gen. Are there not some lines in Milton's *Paradise Lost* about that?

Tut. Yes. The spear of Satan is magnified by a comparison with a lofty Pine.

His spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand.

Har. I remember, too, that the walking staff of the giant Polypheme was a Pine.

Tut. Ay—so Virgil and Ovid tell us; and he must have been a giant indeed, to use such a stick. Well, so much for the wood of these trees. But I have more to say about their uses.

Har. I am glad of it.

Tut. All of the tribe contain a juice of a bitterish taste and strong fragrant smell. This, in some, is so abundant as to flow out from incisions; when it is called *Turpentine*. The larch, in particular, yields a large quantity. Turpentine is one of the substances

substances called *resinous*; it is sticky, transparent, very inflammable, and will not mix with water, but will dissolve in spirits of wine.

Geo. What is it used for?

Tut. It is used medicinally, particularly in the composition of plasters and ointments. It also is an ingredient in varnishes, cements, and the like. An oil distilled from turpentine is employed in medicine, and is much used by painters for mixing up their colours. What remains after getting this oil, is common *rosin*. All these substances take fire very easily, and burn with a great flame; and the wood of the Pine has so much of this quality, when dry, that it has been used in many countries for torches.

Har. I know deal shavings burn very briskly.

Geo. Yes; and matches are made of bits of deal dipped in brimstone.

Tut. True;—and when it was the

custom to burn the bodies of the dead, as you read in Homer and other old authors, the pines and pitch-trees composed great part of the funeral pile.

Har. But what are pitch-trees? Does pitch grow upon trees?

Tut. I was going on to tell you about that. *Tar* is a product of the trees of this kind, especially of one species, called the Pitch-pine. The wood is burned in a sort of oven made in the earth, and the resinous juice sweats out, and acquires a peculiar taste and a black colour from the fire. This is *tar*. Tar when boiled down to dryness becomes *pitch*.

Geo. Tar and pitch are chiefly used about ships; are they not?

Tut. They resist moisture, and therefore are of great service in preventing things from decaying that are exposed to wet. For this reason, the cables and other ropes of ships are well soaked with tar; and the sides of ships are covered with

with pitch mixed with other ingredients. Their seams, too, or the places where the planks join, are filled with tow dipped in a composition of rosin, tallow, and pitch, to keep out the water. Wood for paling, for piles, coverings of roofs, and other purposes of the like nature, are often tarred over. Cisterns and casks are pitched to prevent leaking.

Har. But what are sheep tarred for, after they are sheared?

Tut. To cure wounds and sores in their skin. For the like purposes, an ointment made with tar is often rubbed upon children's heads. Several parts of the Pine are medicinal. The tops and green cones of the Spruce Fir are brewed with malt, and the liquor, called *spruce-beer*, is much drunk in America, particularly for the scurvy.

Geo. Is it pleasant?

Tut. Not to those who are unaccustomed to it. Well—I have now finished my lesson, so let us walk.

Har. Shall we go through the grounds?

Tut. Yes; and then we will view some of the different kinds of Fir and Pine more closely, and I will shew you the difference of their leaves and cones, by which they are distinguished.

THE ROOKERY.

There the hoarse-voic'd hungry Rook,
Near her stick-built nest doth croak,
Waving on the topmost bough.

THESE lines *Mr. Stangrove* repeated, pointing up to a Rookery, as he was walking in an avenue of tall trees, with his son *Francis*.

Francis. Is that a Rookery, papa?

Mr. St. It is. Do you hear what a cawing the birds make?

Fr. Yes—and I see them hopping
about

about among the boughs. Pray, are not Rooks the same with crows?

Mr. St. They are a species of crow; but they differ from the carrion crow and raven in not living upon dead flesh, but upon corn and other seeds, and grass. They indeed pick up beetles and other insects, and worms. See, what a number of them have lighted on yonder ploughed field, almost blackening it over.

Fr. What are they doing?

Mr. St. Searching for grubs and worms. You see the men in the field do not molest them, for they do a great deal of service by destroying grubs, which, if they were suffered to grow to winged insects, would do much mischief to the trees and plants.

Fr. But do they not hurt the corn?

Mr. St. Yes—they tear up a good deal of green corn, if they are not driven away. But upon the whole, Rooks are reckoned the farmer's friends; and they

do not choose to have them destroyed.

Fr. Do all Rooks live in Rookeries?

Mr. St. It is the general nature of them to associate together, and build in numbers on the same or adjoining trees. But this is often in the midst of woods or natural groves. However, they have no objection to the neighbourhood of man, but readily take to a plantation of tall trees, though it be close to a house; and this is commonly called a Rookery. They will even fix their habitations on trees in the midst of towns; and I have seen a Rookery in a churchyard in one of the closest parts of London.

Fr. I think a Rookery is a sort of town itself.

Mr. St. It is:—a village in the air, peopled with numerous inhabitants; and nothing can be more amusing than to view them all in motion, flying to and fro, and busied in their several occupations. The spring is their busiest time.

Early

Early in the year they begin to repair their nests, or build new ones.

Fr. Do they all work together, or every one for itself?

Mr. St. Each pair, after they have coupled, builds its own nest; and instead of helping, they are very apt to steal the materials from one another. If both birds go out at once in search of sticks, they often find, at their return, the work all destroyed, and the materials carried off; so that one of them generally stays at home to keep watch. However, I have met with a story which shows that they are not without some sense of the criminality of thieving. There was in a Rookery a lazy pair of Rooks, who never went out to get sticks for themselves, but made a practice of watching when their neighbours were abroad, and helped themselves from their nests. They had served most of the community in this manner, and by these means had just finished their own nest; when

all the other Rooks in a rage fell upon them at once, pulled their nest in pieces, beat them soundly, and drove them from their society.

Fr. That was very right—I should have liked to have seen it. But why do they live together, if they do not help one another?

Mr. St. They probably receive pleasure from the company of their own kind, as men and various other creatures do. Then, though they do not assist one another in building, they are mutually serviceable in many ways. If a large bird of prey hovers about a Rookery for the purpose of carrying off any of the young ones, they all unite to drive him away. When they are feeding in a flock, several are placed as sentinels upon the trees all round, who give the alarm if any danger approaches. They often go a long way from home to feed; but every evening the whole flock returns, making a loud cawing as they

they fly, as if to direct and call in the stragglers. The older Rooks take the lead: you may distinguish them by the whiteness of their bills, occasioned by their frequent digging in the ground, by which the black feathers at the root of the bill are worn off.

Fr. Do Rooks always keep to the same trees?

Mr. St. Yes—they are much attached to them; and when the trees happen to be cut down, they seem greatly distressed, and keep hovering about them as they are falling, and will scarcely desert them when they lie on the ground.

Fr. Poor things! I suppose they feel as we should if our town was burned down or overthrown by an earthquake.

Mr. St. No doubt! The societies of animals greatly resemble those of man; and that of Rooks is like those of men in a savage state, such as the communities of the North American Indians. It

is a sort of league for mutual aid and defence, but in which every one is left to do as he pleases, without any obligation to employ himself for the whole body. Others unite in a manner resembling more civilized societies of men. This is the case with the beavers. They perform great public works by the united efforts of the whole community, such as damming up streams, and constructing mounds for their habitations. As these are works of great art and labour, some of them must probably act under the direction of others, and be compelled to work whether they will or not. Many curious stories are told to this purpose by those who have observed them in their remotest haunts, where they exercise their full sagacity.

Fr. But are they all true?

Mr. St. That is more than I can answer for; yet what we certainly know of the economy of bees may justify us in believing extraordinary things of the sagacity

gacity of animals. The society of bees goes further than that of beavers, and in some respects, beyond most among men themselves. They not only inhabit a common dwelling, and perform great works in common, but they lay up a store of provision which is the property of the whole community, and is not used except at certain seasons and under certain regulations. A bee-hive is a true image of a commonwealth, where no member acts for himself alone, but for the whole body.

Fr. But there are drones among them, who do not work at all.

Mr. St. Yes—and at the approach of winter they are driven out of the hive, and left to perish with cold and hunger. But I have not leisure at present to tell you more about bees. You shall one day see them at work in a glass hive. In the mean time, remember one thing, which applies to all the so-

cieties of animals ; and I wish it did as well to all those of men likewise.

Fr. What is that ?

Mr. St. The principle upon which they all associate, is to obtain some benefit for the *whole body*, not to give particular advantages to *a few*.

DIALOGUE,

ON THINGS TO BE LEARNED ;

BETWEEN MAMMA AND KITTY.

Kitty. PRAY, mamma, may I leave off working ? I am tired.

Mamma. You have done very little, my dear ; you know you were to finish all that hem.

K. But I had rather write now, mamma, or read, or get my French grammar.

M. I

M. I know very well what that means, Kitty; you had rather do any thing but what I set you about.

K. No, mamma; but you know I can work very well already, and I have a great many other things to learn. There's Miss Rich that cannot sew half so well as I, and she is learning music and drawing already, besides dancing, and I don't know how many other things. She tells me that they hardly work at all in their school.

M. Your tongue runs at a great rate, my dear; but in the first place, you cannot sew very well, for if you could, you would not have been so long in doing this little piece. Then I hope you will allow, that mammas know better what is proper for their little girls to learn, than they do themselves.

K. To be sure, mamma; but as I suppose I must learn all these things some time or other, I thought you would like to have me begin them soon, for I have

have often heard you say that children cannot be set too early about what is necessary for them to do.

M. That's very true, but all things are not equally necessary to every one; but some that are very fit for one, are scarcely proper at all for others.

K. Why, mamma?

M. Because, my dear, it is the purpose of all education to fit persons for the station in which they are hereafter to live; and you know there are very great differences in that respect, both among men and women.

K. Are there? I thought all *ladies* lived alike.

M. It is usual to call all well-educated women, who have no occasion to work for their livelihood, *ladies*; but if you will think a little, you must see that they live very differently from each other, for their fathers and husbands are in very different ranks and situations in the world, you know.

K. Yes,

K. Yes, I know that some are lords, and some are squires, and some are clergymen, and some are merchants, and some are doctors, and some are shopkeepers.

M. Well; and do you think the wives and daughters of all these persons can have just the same things to do, and the same duties to perform? You know how I spend my time. I have to go to market and provide for the family, to look after the servants, to help in taking care of you children, and in teaching you, to see that your clothes are in proper condition, and assist in making and mending for myself, and you, and your papa. All this is my necessary duty; and besides this, I must go out a visiting to keep up our acquaintance; this I call partly business, and partly amusement. Then when I am tired, and have done all that I think necessary, I may amuse myself with reading, or in any other proper way. Now a great many

many of these employments do not belong to Lady Wealthy, or Mrs. Rich, who keep housekeepers and governesses, and servants of all kinds, to do every thing for them. It is very proper, therefore, for them to pay more attention to music, drawing, ornamental work, and any other elegant manner of passing their time, and making themselves agreeable.

K. And shall I have all the same things to do, mamma, that you have?

M. It is impossible, my dear, to foresee what your future station will be: but you have no reason to expect that if you have a family, you will have fewer duties to perform than I have. This is the way of life for which your education should prepare you; and every thing will be useful and important for you to learn, in proportion as it will make you fit for this.

K. But when I am grown a young lady, shall not I have to visit, and go to assemblies

assemblies and plays, as Miss Willsons and Miss Johnsons do?

M. It is very likely you may enter into some amusements of this sort: but even then you will have several more serious employments, which will take up a much greater part of your time; and if you do not do them properly, you will have no right to partake of the others.

K. What will they be, mamma?

M. Why don't you think it proper that you should assist me in my household affairs a little, as soon as you are able?

K. O yes, mamma, I should be very glad to do that.

M. Well, consider what talents will be necessary for that purpose; will not a good hand at your needle be one of the very first qualities?

K. I believe it will.

M. Yes, and not only in assisting *me*, but in making things for *yourself*. You know

know how we admired Miss Smart's ingenuity when she was with us, in contriving and making so many articles of her dress, for which she must otherwise have gone to the milliner's, which would have cost a great deal of money.

K. Yes, she made my pretty bonnet, and she made you a very handsome cap.

M. Very true; she was so clever as not only to furnish herself with these things, but to oblige her friends with some of her work. And I dare say she does a great deal of plain work also for herself and her mother. Well, then, you are convinced of the importance of this business, I hope.

K. Yes, mamma.

M. Reading and writing are such necessary parts of education, that I need not say much to you about them.

K. O no, for I love reading dearly.

M. I know you do, if you can get entertaining stories to read; but there are many things also to be read for instruction,

struction, which perhaps may not be so pleasant at first.

K. But what need is there of so many books of this sort?

M. Some are to teach you your duty to your Maker, and your fellow creatures, of which I hope you are sensible you ought not to be ignorant. Then it is very right to be acquainted with geography; for you remember how poor Miss Blunder was laughed at for saying that if she ever went to France, it should be by land.

K. That was because England is an island, and all surrounded with water, was not it?

M. Yes, Great Britain, which contains both England and Scotland, is an island. Well, it is very useful to know something of the nature of plants, and animals, and minerals, because we are always using some or other of them. Something, too, of the heavenly bodies, is very proper to be known, both that

we may admire the power and wisdom of God in creating them, and that we may not make foolish mistakes, when their motions and properties are the subject of conversation. The knowledge of history too, is very important, especially that of our own country: and in short every thing that makes part of the discourse of rational and well-educated people, ought in some degree to be studied by every one who has proper opportunities.

K. Yes, I like some of those things very well. But pray, mamma, what do I learn French for—am I ever to live in France?

M. Probably not, my dear; but there are a great many books written in French that are very well worth reading; and it may every now and then happen that you may be in company with foreigners who cannot speak English, and as they almost all talk French, you may be able to converse with them in that language.

K. Yes,

K. Yes, I remember there was a gentleman here, that came from Germany, I think, and he could hardly talk a word of English, but papa and you could talk with him in French; and I wished very much to be able to understand what you were saying, for I believe part of it was about me.

M. It was. Well then, you see the use of French. But I cannot say this is a *necessary* part of knowledge to young women in general, only it is well worth acquiring, if a person has leisure and opportunity. I will tell you, however, what is quite necessary for one in your station, and that is, to write a good hand, and to cast accounts well.

K. I should like to write well, because then I could send letters to my friends when I pleased, and it would not be such a scrawl as our maid Betty writes, that I dare say her friends can hardly make out.

M. She had not the advantage of learning

learning when young, for you know she taught herself since she came to us, which was a very sensible thing of her, and I suppose she will improve. Well, but accounts are almost as necessary as writing; for how could I cast up all the market bills, and tradesmen's accounts, and keep my house books without it?

K. And what is the use of that, mamma?

M. It is of use to prevent our being overcharged in any thing, and to know exactly how much we spend, and whether or no we are exceeding our income, and in what articles we ought to be more saving. Without keeping accounts, the richest man might soon come to be ruined before he knew his affairs were going wrong?

K. But do women always keep accounts? I thought that was generally the business of the men.

M. It is their business to keep the accounts belonging to their trade, or

profession,

profession, or estate; but it is the business of their wives to keep all the household accounts: and a woman almost in any rank, unless perhaps some of the highest of all, is to blame if she does not take upon her this necessary office. I remember a remarkable instance of the benefit which a young lady derived from an attention to this point. An eminent merchant in London failed for a great sum.

K. What does that mean, mamma?

M. That he owed a great deal more than he could pay. His creditors, that is those to whom he was indebted, on examining his accounts found great deficiencies which they could not make out; for he had kept his books very irregularly, and had omitted to put down many things which he had bought and sold. They suspected, therefore, that great waste had been made in the family expences; and they were the more suspicious of this, as a daughter, who was
a very

a very genteel young lady, was his housekeeper, his wife being dead. She was told of this; upon which, when the creditors were all met, she sent them her house-books for their examination. They were all written in a very fair hand, and every single article was entered with the greatest regularity, and the sums were all cast up with perfect exactness. The gentlemen were so highly pleased with this proof of the young lady's ability, that they all agreed to make her a handsome present out of the effects; and one of the richest of them, who was in want of a clever wife, soon after paid his addresses to her, and married her.

K. That was very lucky, for I suppose she took care of her poor father, when she was rich. But I shall have nothing of that sort to do a great while.

M. No; but young women should keep their own accounts of clothes and pocket-

pocket-money, and other expences, as I intend you shall do when you grow up.

K. Am not I to learn dancing, and music, and drawing too, mamma?

M. Dancing you shall certainly learn pretty soon, because it is not only an agreeable accomplishment in itself, but is useful in forming the body to ease and elegance in all its motions. As to the other two, they are merely ornamental accomplishments, which though a woman of middling station may be admired for possessing, yet she will never be censured for being without. The propriety of attempting to acquire them must depend on natural genius for them, and upon leisure and other accidental circumstances. For some they are too expensive, and many are unable to make such progress in them as will repay the pains of beginning. It is soon enough, however, for us to think about these things, and at any rate they are not to come in till

you have made a very good proficiency in what is useful and necessary. But I see you have now finished what I set you about, so you shall take a walk with me into the market-place, where I have two or three things to buy.

K. Shall not we call at the bookseller's, to enquire for those new books that Miss Reader was talking about?

M. Perhaps we may. Now lay up your work neatly, and get on your hat and tippet.

MOUSE, LAP-DOG, AND MONKEY.

A FABLE.

A POOR little Mouse, being half starved, ventured one day to steal from behind the wainscot while the family were at dinner, and trembling all the while, picked

picked up a few crumbs which were scattered on the ground. She was soon observed, however: every body was immediately alarmed; some called for the cat; others took up whatever was at hand, and endeavoured to crush her to pieces; and the poor terrified animal was driven round the room in an agony of terror. At length, however, she was fortunate enough to gain her hole, where she sat panting with fatigue. When the family were again seated, a Lap-Dog and a Monkey came into the room. The former jumped into the lap of his mistress, fawned upon every one of the children, and made his court so effectually, that he was rewarded with some of the best morsels of the entertainment. The Monkey, on the other hand, forced himself into notice by his grimaces. He played a thousand little mischievous tricks, and was regaled, at the appearance of the desert, with plenty of nuts

and apples. The unfortunate little Mouse, who saw from her hiding-place every thing that passed, sighed in anguish of heart, and said to herself, "Alas! how ignorant was I, to imagine that poverty and distress were sufficient recommendations to the charity of the opulent. I now find, that whoever is not master of fawning and buffoonery, is but ill qualified for a dependant, and will not be suffered even to pick up the crumbs that fall from the table."

ANIMALS,

AND THEIR COUNTRIES.

O'ER *Afric's* sand the tawny Lion stalks:
On *Pbafis'* banks the graceful Pheasant walks:
The lonely Eagle builds on *Kilda's* shore:
Germania's forests feed the tusky Boar:
From *Alp* to *Alp* the sprightly Ibex bounds:

With

With peaceful lowings *Britain's* isle resounds:
 The *Lapland* peasant o'er the frozen meer
 Is drawn in sledges by his swift Rein-Deer:
 The River-Horse and scaly Crocodile
 Infest the reedy banks of fruitful *Nile*:
 Dire Dipsas' hiss o'er *Mauritania's* plain:
 And Seals and spouting Whales sport in the
Northern Main.

FOURTH EVENING.

CANUTE'S REPROOF
TO HIS COURTIER.

PERSONS.

CANUTE, King of England.
OSWALD, OFFA, Courtiers.

Scene—*The Sea-side, near Southampton.*

The tide coming in.

Canute. Is it true, my friends, what you have so often told me, that I am the greatest of monarchs?

Offa. It is true, my liege; you are the most powerful of all kings.

Oswald. We are all your slaves; we kiss the dust of your feet.

Offa. Not only we, but even the elements, are your slaves. The land obeys you

you from shore to shore; and the sea obeys you.

Canute. Does the sea, with its loud boisterous waves, obey me? Will that terrible element be still at my bidding?

Offa. Yes, the sea is yours; it was made to bear your ships upon its bosom, and to pour the treasures of the world at your royal feet. It is boisterous to your enemies, but it knows you to be its sovereign.

Canute. Is not the tide coming up?

Oswald. Yes, my liege; you may perceive the swell already.

Canute. Bring me a chair then; set it here upon the sands.

Offa. Where the tide is coming up, my gracious lord?

Canute. Yes, set it just here.

Oswald. (aside). I wonder what he is going to do!

Offa (aside). Surely he is not such a fool as to believe us!

Canute. O mighty Ocean! thou art

my subject; my courtiers tell me so; and it is thy bounden duty to obey me. Thus, then, I stretch my sceptre over thee, and command thee to retire. Roll back thy swelling waves, nor let them presume to wet the feet of me, thy royal master.

Oswald (aside). I believe the sea will pay very little regard to his royal commands.

Offa. See how fast the tide rises!

Oswald. The next wave will come up to the chair. It is a folly to stay; we shall be covered with salt water.

Canute. Well, does the sea obey my commands? If it be my subject, it is a very rebellious subject. See how it swells, and dashes the angry foam and salt-spray over my sacred person. Vile sycophants! did you think I was the dupe of your base lies? that I believed your abject flatteries? Know, there is only one Being whom the sea will obey. He is Sovereign of heaven and earth,
King

King of kings, and Lord of lords. It is only he who can say to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stay-ed." A king is but a man; and man is but a worm. Shall a worm assume the power of the great God, and think the elements will obey him? Take away this crown, I will never wear it more. May kings learn to be humble from my example, and courtiers learn truth from your disgrace!

THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES

OF

A CAT.

SOME days ago died GRIMALKIN, the favourite tabby Cat of *Mrs. Petlove*. Her disorder was a shortness of breath, proceeding partly from old age, and partly from fat. As she felt her end

F 5 approaching,

approaching, she called her children to her, and with a good deal of difficulty spoke as follows.

Before I depart from this world, my children, I mean, if my breath will give me leave, to relate to you the principal events of my life, as the variety of scenes I have gone through may afford you some useful instruction for avoiding those dangers to which our species are particularly exposed.

Without further preface, then, I was born at a farm-house in a village some miles from hence; and almost as soon as I came into the world, I was very near leaving it again. My mother brought five of us at a litter; and as the frugal people of the house only kept Cats to be useful, and were already sufficiently stocked, we were immediately doomed to be drowned; and accordingly a boy was ordered to take us all and throw us into the horse-pond. This commission he performed with the pleasure boys seem

seem naturally to take in acts of cruelty, and we were presently set a swimming. While we were struggling for life, a little girl, daughter to the farmer, came running to the pond side, and begged very hard that she might save one of us, and bring it up for her own. After some dispute, her request was granted; and the boy, reaching out his arm, took hold of me, who was luckily nearest him, and brought me out when I was just spent. I was laid on the grass, and it was some time before I recovered. The girl then restored me to my mother, who was overjoyed to get again one of her little ones; and for fear of another mischance, she took me in her mouth to a dark hole, where she kept me till I could see, and was able to run by her side. As soon as I came to light again, my little mistress took possession of me, and tended me very carefully. Her fondness, indeed, was sometimes troublesome, as she pinched

my sides with carrying me, and once or twice hurt me a good deal by letting me fall. Soon, however, I became strong and active, and played and gamboled all day long, to the great delight of my mistress and her companions.

At this time I had another narrow escape. A man brought into the house a strange dog, who had been taught to worry all the Cats that came in his way. My mother flunk away at his entrance; but I, thinking, like a little fool as I was, that I was able to protect myself, staid on the floor, growling, and setting up my back by way of defiance. The dog instantly ran at me, and before I could get my claws ready, seized me with his mouth, and began to gripe and shake me most terribly. I screamed out, and by good luck my mistress was within hearing. She ran to us, but was not able to disengage me; however, a servant, seeing her distress, took a great stick, and gave the dog such a bang on the

the

the back, that he was forced to let me go. He had used me so roughly, that I was not able to stand for some time; but by care and a good constitution I recovered.

I was now running after every body's heels, by which means I got one day locked up in the dairy. I was not sorry for this accident, thinking to feast upon the cream and other good things. But having climbed upon a shelf to get at a bowl of cream, I unluckily fell backwards into a large vessel of butter-milk, where I should probably have been drowned, had not the maid heard the noise, and come to see what was the matter. She took me out, scolding bitterly at me, and after making me undergo a severe discipline at the pump to clean me, she dismissed me with a good whipping. I took care never to follow her into the dairy again.

After a while I began to get into the yard, and my mother took me into the barn

barn upon a mousing expedition. I shall never forget the pleasure this gave me. We sat by a hole, and presently out came a mouse with a brood of young ones. My mother darted among them, and first demolished the old one, and then pursued the little ones, who ran about squeaking in dreadful perplexity. I now thought it was time for me to do something, and accordingly ran after a straggler, and soon overtook it. Oh, how proud was I, as I stood over my trembling captive, and patted him with my paws! My pride, however, soon met with a check; for seeing one day a large rat, I courageously flew at him; but instead of turning tail, he gave me such a bite on the nose, that I ran away to my mother, mewling piteously, with my face all bloody and swelled. For some time I did not meddle with rats again; but at length, growing stronger and more skilful, I feared neither rats nor any other vermin, and acquired

acquired the reputation of an excellent hunter.

I had some other escapes about this time. Once I happened to meet with some poisoned food laid for the rats, and eating it, I was thrown into a disorder that was very near killing me. At another time, I chanced to set my foot in a rat-trap, and received so many deep wounds from its teeth, that though I was loosened as gently as possible by the people who heard me cry, I was rendered lame for some weeks after.

Time went on; and I arrived at my full growth; and forming an acquaintance with a he-cat about my age, after a decent resistance by scolding, biting, and scratching, we made a match of it. I became a mother in due time, and had the mortification of seeing several broods of my kittens disposed of in the same manner as my brothers and sisters had been. I shall mention two or three other adventures in the order I remem-

ber

ber them. I was once prowling for birds along a hedge at some distance from home, when the squire's greyhounds came that way a coursing. As soon as they spied me, they set off full speed, and running much faster than I could do, were just at my tail, when I reached a tree, and saved myself by climbing up it. But a greater danger befell me on meeting with a parcel of boys returning from school. They surrounded me before I was aware, and obliged me to take refuge in a tree: but I soon found that a poor defence against such enemies; for they assembled about it, and threw stones on all sides, so that I could not avoid receiving many hard blows, one of which brought me senseless to the ground. The biggest boy now seized me, and proposed to the rest making what he called rare sport with me. This sport was to tie me on a board, and launching me on a pond, to set some water-dogs at me, who

who were to duck and half drown me, while I was to defend myself by biting their noses, and scratching their eyes. Already was I bound, and just ready to be set a sailing, when the schoolmaster, taking a walk that way, and seeing the bustle, came up, and obliged the boys to set me at liberty, severely reprimanding them for their cruel intentions.

The next remarkable incident of my life was the occasion of my removal from the country. My mistress's brother had a tame linnet, of which he was very fond; for it would come and light on his shoulder when he called it, and feed out of his hand; and it sung well besides. This bird was usually either in his cage or upon a high perch; but one unlucky day, when he and I were alone in the room together, he came down on the table to pick up crumbs. I spied him, and not being able to resist the temptation, sprung at him, and catching him in my claws, soon began

to

to devour him. I had almost finished when his master came into the room; and seeing me with the remains of poor linnet in my mouth, he ran to me in the greatest fury, and after chasing me several times round the room, at length caught me. He was proceeding instantly to hang me, when his sister, by many entreaties and tears, persuaded him after a good whipping to forgive me, upon the promise that I should be sent away. Accordingly, the next market-day I was dispatched in the cart to a relation's of theirs in this town, who wanted a good Cat, as the house was overrun with mice.

In the service of this family I continued a good while, performing my duty as a mouser extremely well, so that I was in high esteem. I soon became acquainted with all the particulars of a town life, and distinguished my activity in climbing up walls and houses, and jumping from roof to roof, either in pursuit

purfuit of prey, or upon goffipping parties with my companions. Once, however, I had like to have fuffered for my venturing; for having made a great jump from one houfe to another, I lit upon a loofe tile, which giving way with me, I fell from a vaft height into the ftreet, and fhould certainly have been killed, had I not had the luck to light in a dung-cart, whence I efcaped with no other injury but being half ftified with filth.

Notwithstanding the danger I had run from killing the linnet, I am forry to confeß that I was again guilty of a fimilar offence. I contrived one night to leap down from a roof upon the board of fome pigeon-holes, which led to a garret inhabited by thofe birds. I entered, and finding them afleep, made fad havock among all that were within my reach, killing and fucking the blood of near a dozen. I was near paying dearly for this, too; for on attempting
to

to return, I found it was impossible for me to leap up again to the place from whence I had descended, so that after several dangerous trials, I was obliged to wait trembling in the place where I had committed all these murders, till the owner came up in the morning to feed his pigeons. I rushed out between his legs as soon as the door was opened, and had the good fortune to get safe down stairs, and make my escape through a window unknown; but never shall I forget the horrors I felt that night! Let my double danger be a warning to you, my children, to controul your savage appetites, and on no account to do harm to those creatures which like ourselves are under the protection of man. We Cats all lie under a bad name for treacherous dispositions in this respect, and with shame I must acknowledge it is but too well merited.

Well—but my breath begins to fail me, and I must hasten to a conclusion.

I still

I still lived in the same family, when our present kind mistress, Mrs. Petlove, having lost a favourite tabby, advertised a very handsome price for another that should as nearly as possible resemble her dead darling. My owners, tempted by the offer, took me for the good lady's inspection, and I had the honour of being preferred to a multitude of rivals. I was immediately settled in the comfortable mansion we now inhabit, and had many favours and indulgencies bestowed upon me, such as I had never before experienced. Among these I reckon one of the principal, that of being allowed to rear all my children, and to see them grow up in peace and plenty. My adventures here have been few; for after the monkey had spitefully bit off the last joint of my tail (for which I had the satisfaction to see him soundly corrected) I kept beyond the length of his chain; and neither the parrot nor lap-dogs ever dared to molest me. One
of

of the greatest afflictions I have felt here, was the stifling of a whole litter of my kittens by a fat old lady, a friend of my mistress's, who sat down on the chair where they lay, and never perceived the mischief she was doing till she rose, though I pulled her clothes, and used all the means in my power to shew my uneasiness. This misfortune my mistress took to heart almost as much as myself, and the lady has never since entered our doors. Indeed, both I and mine have ever been treated here with the utmost kindness—perhaps with too much; for to the pampering me with delicacies, together with Mrs. Abigail's frequent washings, I attribute this asthma, which is now putting an end to my life, rather sooner than its natural period. But I know all was meant well; and with my last breath I charge you all to shew your gratitude to our worthy mistress, by every return in your power.

And now, my dear children, farewell;

we

we shall perhaps meet again in a land where there are no dogs to worry us, or boys to torment us—Adieu!

Having thus said, Grimalkin became speechless, and presently departed this life, to the great grief of all the family.

THE LITTLE DOG.

A FABLE.

“WHAT shall I do,” said a very little Dog one day to his mother, “to shew my gratitude to our good master, and make myself of some value to him? I cannot draw or carry burdens, like the horse; nor give him milk, like the cow; nor lend him my covering for his clothing, like the sheep; nor produce him eggs, like the poultry; nor catch mice and rats so well as the cat. I cannot divert him with singing, like the canaries

naries and linnets; nor can I defend him against robbers, like our relation Towzer. I should not be of use to him even if I were dead, as the hogs are. I am a poor insignificant creature, not worth the cost of keeping; and I don't see that I can do a single thing to entitle me to his regard." So saying, the poor little Dog hung down his head in silent despondency.

"My dear child," replied his mother, "though your abilities are but small, yet a hearty good-will is sufficient to supply all defects. Do but love him dearly, and prove your love by all the means in your power, and you will not fail to please him."

The little Dog was comforted with this assurance; and on his master's approach, ran to him, licked his feet, gamboled before him, and every now and then stopped, wagging his tail, and looking up to his master with expressions of the most humble and affectionate

tionate attachment. The master observed him. Ha! little Fido, said he, you are an honest, good-natured little fellow!—and stooped down to pat his head. Poor Fido was ready to go out of his wits with joy.

Fido was now his master's constant companion in his walks, playing and skipping round him, and amusing him by a thousand sportive tricks. He took care, however, not to be troublesome by leaping on him with dirty paws, nor would he follow him into the parlour, unless invited. He also attempted to make himself useful by a number of little services. He would drive away the sparrows as they were stealing the chickens' meat; and would run and bark with the utmost fury at any strange pigs or other animals that offered to come into the yard. He kept the poultry, geese, and pigs from straying beyond their bounds, and particularly from doing mischief in the garden.

den. He was always ready to alarm Towzer if there was any suspicious noise about the house, day or night. If his master pulled off his coat in the field to help his workmen, as he would sometimes do, Fido always sat by it, and would not suffer either man or beast to touch it. By this means he came to be considered as a very trusty protector of his master's property.

His master was once confined to his bed with a dangerous illness. Fido planted himself at the chamber door, and could not be persuaded to leave it, even to take food; and as soon as his master was so far recovered as to sit up, Fido, being admitted into the room, ran up to him with such marks of excessive joy and affection, as would have melted any heart to behold. This circumstance wonderfully endeared him to his master; and some time after he had an opportunity of doing him a very important service. One hot day after dinner,

ner, his master was sleeping in a summer-house, with Fido by his side. The building was old and crazy; and the Dog, who was faithfully watching his master, perceived the walls shake, and pieces of mortar fall from the ceiling. He comprehended the danger, and began barking to awake his master; and this not sufficing, he jumped up, and gently bit his finger. The master, upon this, started up, and had just time to get out of the door before the whole building fell down. Fido, who was behind, got hurt by some rubbish which fell upon him; on which his master had him taken care of with the utmost tenderness, and ever after acknowledged his obligation to this little animal as the preserver of his life. Thus his love and fidelity had their full reward.

Moral. The poorest man may repay his obligations to the richest and greatest by faithful and affectionate service—

the meanest creature may obtain the favour and regard of the Creator himself, by humble gratitude, and stedfast obedience.

THE MASQUE OF NATURE.

WHO is this beautiful Virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats to welcome her coming; and when they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful Virgin? If ye have, tell me who is she, and what is her name.

Who is this that cometh from the south, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? Her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries, and the grateful acid of all fruits; the seedy melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are poured out plentifully around her. The tanned hay-makers welcome her coming; and the sheep-shearer, who clips the fleeces of his flock with his sounding shears. When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech tree,—let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass,—let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold,

and the star of evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know, who is she, and what is her name.

Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful grey. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Who is he that is crowned with the wheat-sheaf? Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who is he, and what is his name.

Who

Who is he that cometh from the north, clothed in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald; his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground, when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice. If he were to stroke you with his cold hand, you would be quite stiff and dead, like a piece of marble. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming fast upon us, and soon he will be here. Tell me, if you know, who is he, and what is his name.

FIFTH EVENING.

ON THE MARTIN.

Look up, my dear (said his papa to little *William*), at those bird-nests above the chamber-windows, beneath the eaves of the house. Some, you see, are but just begun,—nothing but a little clay stuck against the wall. Others are half finished; and others are quite built—close and tight—leaving nothing but a small hole for the birds to come in and go out at.

What nests are they? said *William*.

Thy are Martin's nests, replied his father; and there you see the owners. How busily they fly backwards and forwards, bringing clay and dirt in their bills, and laying it upon their work, forming

forming it into shape with their bills and feet! The nests are built very strong and thick, like a mud wall, and are lined with feathers, to make a soft bed for the young. Martins are a kind of swallows. They feed on flies, gnats, and other insects; and always build in towns and villages about the houses. People do not molest them, for they do good rather than harm, and it is very amusing to view their manners and actions. See how swiftly they skim through the air in pursuit of their prey! In the morning they are up by day-break, and twitter about your window while you are asleep in bed; and all day long they are upon the wing, getting food for themselves and their young. As soon as they have caught a few flies, they hasten to their nests, pop into the hole, and feed their little ones. I'll tell you a story about the great care they take of their young. A pair of Martins once built their nest in a porch, and when they

had young ones, it happened that one of them climbing up to the hole before he was fledged, fell out, and lighting upon the stones, was killed. The old birds, perceiving this accident, went and got short bits of strong straw, and stuck them with mud, like palisades, all round the hole of the nest, in order to keep the other little ones from tumbling after their poor brother.

How cunning that was! cried William.

Yes, said his father; and I can tell you another story of their sagacity, and also of their disposition to help one another. A saucy cock-sparrow (you know what impudent rogues they are!) had got into a Martin's nest whilst the owner was abroad; and when he returned, the sparrow put his head into the hole, and pecked at the Martin with open bill as he attempted to enter his own house. The poor Martin was sadly provoked at this injustice, but was
unable

unable by his own strength to fight himself. So he flew away, and gathered a number of his companions, who all came with a bit of clay in their bills, with which they plastered up the hole of the nest, and kept the sparrow in prison, who died miserably for want of food and air.

He was rightly served, said William.

So he was, rejoined papa. Well, I have more to say about the sagacity of these birds. In autumn, when it begins to be cold weather, the Martins and other swallows assemble in great numbers upon the roofs of high buildings, and prepare for their departure to a warmer country; for as all the insects here die in the winter, they would have nothing to live on if they were to stay. They take several short flights in flocks, round and round, in order to try their strength, and then, on some fine calm day they set out together for a long journey southwards,

southwards, over sea and land, to a very distant country.

But how do they find the way? said William.

We say, answered his father, that they are taught by *instinct*; that is, God has implanted in their minds a desire of travelling at the season which he knows to be proper, and has also given them an impulse to take the right road. They steer their course through the wide air, directly to the proper spot. Sometimes, however, storms and contrary winds meet them, and drive the poor birds about till they are quite spent, and fall into the sea, unless they happen to meet with a ship, on which they can light and rest themselves. The swallows from this country are supposed to go as far as the middle of Africa to spend the winter, where the weather is always warm, and insects are to be met with all the year. In spring they take another long journey back again to these northern

northern countries. Sometimes, when we have fine weather very early, a few of them come too soon; for when it changes to frost and snow again, the poor creatures are starved for want of food, or perished with the cold. Hence arises the proverb,

One swallow does not make a summer.

But when a great many of them are come, we may be sure that winter is over; so that we are always very glad to see them again. The Martins find their way back over such a vast length of sea and land, to the very same villages and houses where they were bred. This has been discovered by catching some of them, and marking them. They repair their old nests, or build new ones, and then set about laying eggs and hatching their young. Pretty things! I hope you will never knock down their nests, or take their eggs or young ones; for as they come such a long way to

vilit

visit us, and lodge in our houses without fear, we ought to use them kindly.

THE SHIP.

Charles Osborn, when at home in the holidays, had a visit from a school-fellow who was just entered as a midshipman on board a man of war. *Tom Hardy* (that was his name) was a free-hearted spirited lad, and a favourite among his companions; but he never liked his book, and had left school ignorant of almost every thing he came there to learn. What was worse, he had got a contempt for learning of all kinds, and was fond of showing it. "What does your father mean," says he to Charles, "to keep you moping and studying over things of no use in the world but to plague folks?—Why can't you go into his majesty's service,

like

like me, and be made a gentleman of? You are old enough, and I know you are a lad of spirit." This kind of talk made some impression upon young Osborn. He became less attentive to the lessons his father set him, and less willing to enter into instructive conversation. This change gave his father much concern; but as he knew the cause, he thought it best, instead of employing direct authority, to attempt to give a new impression to his son's mind, which might counteract the effects of his companion's suggestions.

Being acquainted with an East India captain who was on the point of sailing, he went with his son to pay him a farewell visit on board his ship. They were shewn all about the vessel, and viewed all the preparations for so long a voyage. They saw her weigh anchor and unfurl her sails; and they took leave of their friend amid the shouts of the seamen and all the bustle of departure.

Charles

Charles was highly delighted with this scene, and as they were returning, could think and talk of nothing else. It was easy, therefore, for his father to lead him into the following train of discourse.

After *Charles* had been warmly expressing his admiration of the grand sight of a large ship completely fitted out and getting under sail, — I do not wonder (said his father) that you are so much struck with it: — it is, in reality, one of the finest spectacles created by human skill, and the noblest triumph of art over untaught nature. Near two thousand years ago, when Julius Cæsar came over to this island, he found the natives in possession of no other kind of vessel than a sort of canoe, formed of wicker work covered with hides, and no bigger than a man or two could carry. But the largest ship in Cæsar's fleet was not more superior to these, than the Indian man you have been seeing is to what that was. Our savage ancestors ventured

tured only to paddle along the rivers and coasts, or cross small arms of the sea in calm weather; and Caesar himself would have been alarmed to be a few days out of sight of land. But the ship we have just left is going by itself to the opposite side of the globe, prepared to encounter the tempestuous winds and mountainous waves of the vast southern ocean, and to find its way to its destined port, though many weeks must pass with nothing in view but sea and sky. Now, what do you think can be the cause of this prodigious difference in the powers of man at one period and another?

Charles was silent.

Is it not (said his father) that there is a great deal more knowledge in one than in the other?

To be sure it is, said *Charles*.

Father. Would it not, think you, be as impossible for any number of men, untaught, by their utmost efforts, to build

build and navigate such a ship as we have seen, as to fly through the air?

Charles. I suppose it would.

Fa. That we may be the more sensible of this, let us consider how many arts and professions are necessary for this purpose. Come—you shall begin to name them, and if you forget any, I will put you in mind. What is the first?

Ch. The ship-carpenter, I think.

Fa. True—What does he do?

Ch. He builds the ship.

Fa. How is that done?

Ch. By fastening the planks and beams together.

Fa. But do you suppose he can do this as a common carpenter makes a box or a set of shelves?

Ch. I do not know.

Fa. Do you not think that such a vast bulk requires a good deal of contrivance to bring it into shape, and fit it for all its purposes?

Ch.

Ch. Yes.

Pa. Some ships, you have heard, sail quicker than others—some bear storms better—some carry more loading—some draw less water—and so on. You do not suppose all these things are left to chance?

Ch. No.

Pa. In order with certainty to produce these effects, it is necessary to study proportions very exactly, and to lay down an accurate scale by mathematical lines and figures, after which to build the ship. Much has been written upon this subject, and nice calculations have been made of the resistance a ship meets with in making way through the water, and the best means of overcoming it; also, of the action of the wind on the sails, and their action in pulling on the ship by means of the masts. All these must be understood by a perfect matter of ship-building.

Ch. But I think I know ship-build-

ers who have never had an education to fit them for understanding these things.

Fa. Very likely; but they have followed by rote the rules laid down by others; and as they work merely by imitation, they cannot alter and improve as occasion may require. Then, though common merchant ships are trusted to such builders, yet in constructing men of war and Indiamen, persons of science are always employed. The French, however, attend to this matter more than we do, and in consequence, their ships generally sail better than ours.

Ch. But need a captain of a ship know all these things?

Fa. It may not be absolutely necessary; yet occasions may frequently arise in which it would be of great advantage for him to be able to judge and give directions in these matters. But suppose the ship built—what comes next?

Ch.

Ch. I think she must be rigged.

Fa. Well—who are employed for this purpose?

Ch. Mast-makers, rope-makers, sail-makers, and I know not how many other people.

Fa. These are all mechanical trades; and though in carrying them on much ingenuity has been applied in the invention of machines and tools, yet we will not stop to consider them. Suppose her, then, rigged—what next?

Ch. She must take in her guns and powder.

Fa. Stop there, and reflect how many arts you have now set to work. Gunpowder is one of the greatest inventions of modern times, and what has given such a superiority to civilised nations over the barbarous. An English frigate surrounded by the canoes of all the savages in the world, would easily beat them off by means of her guns;

and

Ch.

and if Cæsar were to come again to England with his fleet, a battery of cannon would sink all his ships, and set his legions a swimming in the sea. But the making of gunpowder, and the casting of cannon, are arts that require an exact knowledge of the science of *chemistry*.

Ob. What is that?

Fa. It comprehends the knowledge of all the properties of metals and minerals, salts, sulphur, oils, and gums, and of the action of fire and water, and air upon all substances, and the effects of mixing different things together. Gunpowder is a mixture of three things only, saltpetre or nitre, sulphur or brimstone, and charcoal. But who could have thought such a wonderful effect would have been produced by it?

Ob. Was it not first discovered by accident?

Fa. Yes.—but it was by one who was

was making chemical experiments, and many more experiments have been employed to bring it to perfection.

Cb. But need a captain know how to make gunpowder and cannon?

Fa. It is not necessary, though it may often be useful to him. However, it is quite necessary that he should know how to employ them. Now the sciences of gunnery and fortification depend entirely upon mathematical principles; for by these are calculated the direction of a ball through the air, the distance it will reach to, and the force with which it will strike any thing. All engineers, therefore, must be good mathematicians.

Cb. But I think I have heard of gunners being little better than the common men.

Fa. True—there is a way of doing that business, as well as many others, by mere practice; and an uneducated man may acquire skill in pointing a cannon,

cannon, as well as in shooting with a common gun. But this is only in ordinary cases, and an abler head is required to direct. Well—now suppose your ship completely fitted out for sea, and the wind blowing fair; how will you navigate her?

Ch. I would spread the sails, and steer by the rudder.

Fa. Very well—but how would you find your way to the port you were bound for?

Ch. That I cannot tell.

Fa. Nor perhaps can I make you exactly comprehend it; but I can shew you enough to convince you that it is an affair that requires much knowledge, and early study. In former times, when a vessel left the sight of land, it was steered by observation of the sun by day, and the moon and stars by night. The sun, you know, rises in the east, and sets in the west; and at noon, in these parts of the world, it is exactly south of

us. These points, therefore, may be found out when the sun shines. The moon and stars vary; however, their place in the sky may be known by exact observation. Then, there is one star that always points to the north pole, and is therefore called the pole-star. This was of great use in navigation, and the word pole-star is often used by the poets to signify a sure guide. Do you recollect the description in Homer's *Odyssey*, when Ulysses sails away by himself from the island of Calypso,—how he steers by the stars?

Ch. I think I remember the lines in Pope's translation.

Pa. Repeat them, then.

Ch. Plac'd at the helm he sat, and mark'd
the skies,

Nor clos'd in sleep his ever watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the northern team,
And great Orion's more resurgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving, points his golden eye:

VOL. I.

H

Who

Who shines exalted on the ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Fa. Very well — they are fine lines indeed! You see, then, how long ago sailors thought it necessary to study astronomy. But as it frequently happens, especially in stormy weather, that the stars are not to be seen, this method was subject to great uncertainty, which rendered it dangerous to undertake distant voyages. At length, near 500 years since, a property was discovered in a mineral, called the magnet or loadstone, which removed the difficulty. This was, its *polarity*, or quality of always pointing to the poles of the earth, that is, due north and south. This it can communicate to any piece of iron, so that a needle well rubbed in a particular manner by a loadstone, and then balanced upon its centre so as to turn round freely, will always point to the north. With an instrument called a mariner's compass,

compass, made of one of these needles, and a card marked with all the points, north, south, east, and west, and the divisions between these, a ship may be steered to any part of the globe.

Cb. It is a very easy matter, then.

Fa. Not quite so easy, neither. In a long voyage, cross or contrary winds blow a ship out of her direct course, so that without nice calculations, both of the straight tract she has gone, and all the deviations from it, the sailors would not know where they were, nor to what point to steer. It is also frequently necessary to take observations, as they call it; that is, to observe with an instrument where the sun's place in the sky is at noon, by which they can determine the *latitude* they are in. Other observations are necessary to determine their *longitude*. What these mean, I can shew you upon the globe. It is enough now to say, that by means of both together, they can tell the exact spot they are on

at any time; and then, by consulting their map, and setting their compass, they can steer right to the place they want. But all this requires a very exact knowledge of astronomy, the use of the globes, mathematics, and arithmetic, which you may suppose is not to be acquired without much study. A great number of curious instruments have been invented to assist in these operations; so that there is scarcely any matter in which so much art and science have been employed, as in navigation; and none but a very learned and civilized nation can excel in it.

Ch. But how is Tom Hardy to do for I am pretty sure he does not understand any of these things.

Fa. He must learn them, if he means to come to any thing in his profession. He may, indeed, head a press-gang, or command a boat's crew, without them; but he will never be fit to take charge of a man of war, or even a merchant ship.

Ch.

Ch. However, he need not learn Latin and Greek.

Fa. I cannot say, indeed, that a sailor has occasion for those languages; but a knowledge of Latin makes it much easier to acquire all modern languages; and I hope you do not think them unnecessary to him.

Ch. I did not know they were of much importance.

Fa. No! Do you think that one who may probably visit most countries in Europe and their foreign settlements, should be able to converse in no other language than his own? If the knowledge of languages is not useful to *him*, I know not to whom it is for. He can hardly do at all without knowing some; and the more, the better.

Ch. Poor Tom! then I doubt he has not chosen so well as he thinks.

Fa. I doubt so, too.

Here ended the conversation. They soon after reached home, and Charles

did

did not forget to desire his father to shew him on the globe what longitude and latitude meant.

from as near as possible all new words shall be — leaving on their right

I shall be able to find the things

THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

Charles. PAPA, you grow very lazy. Last winter you used to tell us stories, and now you never tell us any; and we are all got round the fire quite ready to hear you. Pray, dear papa, let us have a very pretty one?

Father. With all my heart — What shall it be?

C. A bloody murder, papa?

F. A bloody murder! Well then — Once upon a time, some men, dressed all alike . . .

C. With black crapes over their faces.

F. No, they had steel caps on — having crossed a dark heath, wound cautiously along the skirts of a deep forest.

C. They

C. They were ill-looking fellows, I dare say.

F. I cannot say so; on the contrary, they were tall personable men as most one shall see:—leaving on their right hand an old ruined tower on the hill...

C. At midnight, just as the clock struck twelve; was it not, papa?

F. No, really; it was on a fine balmy summer's morning:—and moved forwards, one behind another.

C. As still as death, creeping along under the hedges.

F. On the contrary—they walked remarkably uprightly and so far from endeavouring to be hushed and still, they made a loud noise as they came along, with several sorts of instruments.

C. But, papa, they would be found out immediately.

F. They did not seem to wish to conceal themselves: on the contrary, they gloried in what they were about. They moved forwards, in a large plain, where

where stood a neat pretty village, which they set on fire . . .

C. Set a village on fire? wicked wretches!

F. And while it was burning, they murdered—twenty thousand men.

C. O fie! papa! You do not intend I should believe this! I thought all along you were making up a tale, as you often do; but you shall not catch me this time. What! they lay still, I suppose, and let these fellows cut their throats!

F. No, truly—they resisted as long as they could.—

C. How should these men kill twenty thousand people, pray?

F. Why not? the murderers were thirty thousand.

C. O, now I have found you out! You mean a BATTLE.

F. Indeed I do. I do not know of any ~~murders~~ half so bloody.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.